

FORD TIMES

MAY 1976



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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

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Consumer

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Cover: The cardinal, Ohio's state bird, isn't the only redleg in Cincinnati, but pictured here over the city's riverfront by Charles Harper, wildlife artist and resident, it symbolizes the great natural beauty to be found in the bustling Queen City. For more on what there is to like about Cincinnati turn to page 30.

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Dory Derby

story and photos by Dolly Connelly

THE TOUGH, weather-beaten dorymen stood in silent huddles, hunching their shoulders against wind-driven spindrift and pouring rain. Squinting their eyes out to sea, they watched great ground swells sweep in from the shallow reef stretching between Cape Kiwanda and Haystack Rock, smashing into white cross chop around the offshore rocks.

Nobody said much, except to repeat endlessly the sour Forest Service weather forecast. A few climbed back into pickup trucks, carefully backed around the dory-laden trailers in the wet sand, and left for homes along the Oregon Coast or in the Willamette Valley. The optimists waited for noon's high slack tide, and an easing off of the wind.

Among those who remained, 5,000 spectators clustered along the great dunes stretching down five miles of Nestucca Spit and waited, equally wet and silent. Nobody shouted, "Get the show on the road!" Even little children were hushed. Followers of the sport of launching open dories through the breakers knew the fishermen faced a wild churn out there by the Haystack. No Dory Derby had been cancelled in its 17-year history. When the seas let up, the double-enders and the square sterns undoubtedly would take off in a test of the skill and courage of men who fish far at sea in small open boats. So have another beer and take it easy.

Finally one of the dorymen sensed a change. He strode into the water as if to feel diminishing wave power through his boots. Immediately the huddles came together around him. By two votes, the Pacific City Dory Derby, Oregon's exhilarating tribute to the unique commercial fishery of a hamlet of 400 year-round residents, was on—in the worst seas and wind yet encountered for the races.

Dory fishing at sea, from boats launched directly through the surf at a small cove protected by the towering mass of Cape Kiwanda, is a legend on the Oregon Coast, dating back more





than 60 years. Early boats were double-enders, manned with oars, with no more communication equipment than a shirt to wave. Safety gear was a compass, for use in blinding fog.

Getting a dory to the shelter of the Cape took almost as much stamina as rowing it seaward against tumbling surf. Boats were hauled over the dunes by horse and wagon, or down the beach by Model A Ford or stark manpower. From the turn of the century to 1940, only a few valiant men of Pacific City, about 25 of them regulars, fished out through the surf. They rowed north off Cape Lookout in the misty early mornings and drifted back to Kiwanda with the northwest wind in the late afternoon, sometimes with a boat filled with bright salmon. Boats were built of one-inch spruce or fir planks, and most had less than two feet of freeboard empty of a catch. Yet so expert were the handlers that loss of life among dory fishermen is almost unknown.

In the mid-50s, some double-enders were equipped with "tilt

wells" for outboard motors. The days of coordinated rowing were drawing to a close.

Dory fishing at sea came into full bloom a little over a decade ago when a county road was built to Cape Kiwanda, making it possible for fishermen to haul craft in by trailer. They came from many Oregon towns, a good percentage farmers and dairymen of Willamette Valley, weekendng at sea in the commercial salmon season, June through October. The lure was not solely a magnificent gamble on the salmon with small outlay for boat. Like all fishermen, they love the sport. It's just as much fun to catch them for sale as for sport. And there are fewer family quarrels over weekends away from home when the recreation pays for itself.

Square-stern modification of the double-ender now dominates design, giving the dories enough lift in the aft portion of the boats to plane at high speed. Beach landings are fast and safe. The double-enders are also prized for rescue work, their rocker bottoms providing quick maneuverability with oars.





Safety equipment is greatly improved, including sophisticated flotation systems that bring the dories to the surface even when completely swamped. Most dories now are equipped with Citizen's Band radios for quick checks with one another on sea, weather and fishing conditions. Some have depth sounders and even autopilots to hold them on course while the men are working. Over the years, assisted by the Coast Guard, the dories have been involved in nearly all surf rescues in the area, often impossible for larger vessels.

Today's dory is constructed of five-ply marine plywood, trimmed and framed with mahogany, fir or spruce. It is around 22 feet in overall length with a seven- to eight-foot beam with inboard wall and tunnel stern.

Average life expectancy, despite the terrific pounding the boats take off the Oregon Coast, is 15 years with good care and moderate fishing. One trip to sea has been known to go far

toward paying for a dory. A boat out of Newport landed 1,275 pounds of salmon in a day. One Pacific City craft, fishing far from shore, came in with 3,100 pounds of albacore in a single trip. The men don't talk much about the times they've been skunked, or have sat hour after hour in their boats 10 miles out, waiting for favorable reports from friends scouting still farther out.

Great boast of the Dory Derbies was that in 1,700 trips through the surf, they'd never had a turnover. That changed in the contest I watched when a double-ender, swung by cross chop near the rock-strewn base of Cape Kiwanda, turned turtle. A high-speed rescue dory, kept at the ready, picked up the dunked dorymen.

Dory Derby races include speed-coordinated boat handling from trailer to surf, and back to the trailer at the finish of the race. The secret in launching is timing of wave motion and forward thrust, unbelievably smooth, requiring only 10 seconds for these experts to accomplish. Then each dory is shoved out by a crewman up to his thighs in the surf. He leaps aboard at the last possible moment and they're off, smashing into the breakers at 25 miles per hour. Racers are old hands; many are descendants of fishermen who went to sea in the open boats a half century ago.

Dory derbies are not big money events. Winners divide \$100. A championship trophy revolves and may be kept permanently if won for three consecutive years. The real object is fun, a Mardi Gras weekend. The village's chief claim to fame is Cape Kiwanda, a crumbling monster of sandstone separated by the sea centuries ago from its hard monolith, Haystack Rock. This dramatic headland and the Cape Kiwanda Dory, known the length of the Northwest coast and beyond, have brought a kind of glory to Pacific City.

Oregon's Parks and Recreation recently purchased Cape Kiwanda from a private owner to keep it forever open to recreation, a spectacular addition to Oregon's long string of coastal state parks. A master plan has brought improvement of rough trails and construction of a picnic area. Though local people objected at first to fencing of danger areas, they admit that peeling, undercut cliffs and chimneys of rock fall cost hikers' lives in the past. Said a native:

"We're getting used to fences on the cliff edges, but we'd never accept a 'keep out' sign." □



Columbus

Indiana's Architectural Gem

story and photos by William E. Pauli

IT MUST BE great to be a kid growing up in Columbus, Indiana. Name another city where grownups not only ask youngsters' advice on important matters, but take it once it is offered.

That's how Fodrea, the newest elementary school in Columbus, got off the ground.

"Initially we began planning the school like any other," recalls

*Isaac Hodgson designed the
Bartholomew County
Courthouse in 1874*

Fodrea Principal Smith Snively. "We listened to a lot of people—parents, teachers, administrators, community leaders, the school board. Then the architects suggested we ask the kids. That sounded reasonable—after all, they'd be using the facility the most."

The children, from kindergarten level to sixth graders, weren't shy in spelling out what they thought the new school should be. Among other things it should contain a "Tunnel of Love," air conditioning, carpeting, bright colored flags and banners, television, waterbeds, slides as well as stairs and a fire-house pole.

Architects Paul Kennon and Truitt Garrison, representing Caudill, Rowlett and Scott of Los Angeles and Houston, believe they got plenty of good advice. The result is one of the most people-oriented schools in the country. Fodrea, with its open-classroom concept, contains many of the kids' suggestions. For example, a brilliant



Eero Saarinen's North Christian Church was completed in 1964

red hallway—"The Tunnel of Love"—leads from the class area to the cafeteria where the ceiling is festooned with multicolored state flags. Ramps and walls are splashed with vibrant colors; banners and mobiles flutter overhead, and stairwells and slideways are side by side. Since the school opened for class in the fall of 1973, it has received four prestigious architectural awards. And, that's another nice thing about growing up in Columbus. Forty-one buildings in which residents of this community of 30,000 work, worship and play have been designed by some of the world's leading architects.

Modern architecture came to Columbus in the early 1940s when the Finnish architect Eliel Saarinen was commissioned to design a new First Christian Church. One of the earliest modern church buildings in the U.S., the buff brick and limestone structure has clean, contemporary lines and has had a strong influence on American church architecture.

Following World War II, Columbus grew rapidly, with the increase in number of children severely straining school facilities. New schools were needed and industry responded by helping to pay for the new buildings.

In 1956, during this period of active school planning, Cummins Engine Company, through its chairman, J. Irwin Miller, offered this unique proposal to the city's school board: If the board selected

an architect from a list of six submitted by a committee of distinguished architects, the Cummins Engine Foundation would pay all architectural fees for any new school. To date, 11 schools have been built under this program, which has been expanded to include other public buildings. There have also been a number of buildings designed by leading architects that have been constructed without the Foundation's help.

Architectural interest has grown to such an extent that Harry Weese, Cesar Pelli, Eliot Noyes, I. M. Pei, Gunnar Birkerts and John M. Johansen are as well known in Columbus as major television or movie personalities.

Columbus' most famous building is Eero Saarinen's North Christian Church, dedicated as a memorial to his father, Eliel. It was the last building the younger Saarinen designed before his death in 1963. While planning the structure, Saarinen wrote to the congregation: "We have finally to solve this church so that it can become a great building. I feel I have this obligation to the congregation, and as an architect I have that obligation to my profession and my ideals. I want to solve it so that as an architect when I face St. Peter I am able to say that out of the buildings I did during my lifetime, one of the best was this little church, because it has in it a real spirit that speaks forth to all Chris-



Left: Fodrea is one of three Columbus schools designed in the open-classroom concept. Below: Large planters turn three-story glass corridor of the Irwin Union Bank & Trust Company into indoor garden

tians as a witness to their faith."

Saarinen's hexagonal church with its slender 192-foot spire topped with a gold leaf cross has become a Columbus landmark.

But all of the architectural interest in Columbus hasn't been directed at the new or avant-garde. In 1964, for instance, downtown merchants joined together to create what they call a "model block." With the help of noted architect Alexander Girard of Sante Fe, New Mexico, they tore away the plastic and glass facades that covered many of the main street buildings to expose the original Victorian architecture. Today, their efforts can be seen between Fifth and Sixth on Washington, where many of the



buildings' original decorative details and windows have been accentuated with bright colors. Other old buildings which have been saved include the 100-year-old Bartholomew County Courthouse which dominates the city square, the City Hall built in 1895 and the Visitors Center on the corner of Fifth and Franklin.

Word of Columbus' architectural worth is spreading. Last year when five members of the American

Institute of Architects (each of whom has a building in town) agreed to come to Columbus to lecture about their work, students from all over the country showed up to listen. And it isn't unusual to read an item in *The Republic*, Columbus' newspaper, announcing that the city is hosting an architectural class from a major college or university, a delegation from the People's Republic of China, or a First Lady interested in helping beautify America.

Columbians go out of their way to show off the buildings. Each weekday morning at 10, a tour bus departs the Visitors Center for a two-hour drive through town. Along the way visitors see an all-glass bank; an ultramodern library where kids can dial a story; Henry Moore's famous *Large Arch*; Zahariako's Soda Fountain, an architectural treasure with a genuine marble and onyx counter where real sodas and fizzes are still frothed up; a modern shopping mall which houses Jean Tinguely's *Chaos I*, a gargantuan moving sculpture that appears to be made of everything but the kitchen sink. There's also Harry Weese's Otter Creek Clubhouse built on a golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones, and that makes being an adult in Columbus not half bad, either. □

(For information on Columbus architectural tours write: Director, Visitors Center, 506 Fifth Street, Columbus, Indiana 47201.)

Henry Moore's *Large Arch* centers Cleo Rogers Memorial Library plaza





How to Master the Great Hamburger Cookout

Follow these 10 simple rules and guests will be eating out of your hand

by Fred Hilton

Illustrations by Marcus Hamilton

IN ADDITION to sunburn, brown grass and itchy bugs, warm weather always brings that most noble of frustrating experiences: the Great Hamburger Cookout.

Since the ingenuity of man first blessed the earth with charcoal, the Great Hamburger Cookout has repeatedly provided marvelous learning opportunities in aggravation, irritation and nasty language.

The hamburger, in this great age of the Cookout, is never, never Just Right. It's Overcooked. Undercooked. Burnt. Raw. Too Salty. Not Salty Enough. Misshapen. Ugly. Or Yech.

But even the most humble thudball can become a master in this subtle art. All he has to do is follow 10 simple rules.

1. Wear a floppy chef's hat and a big apron with terribly clever things written on it such as "Baby, Light My Fire" or "Don't Ask Me, I'm Just the Cook," or "Sic Semper Hamburgus!"

That way, your guests will immediately assume you're a muddle-headed buffoon and not really expect anything edible.

2. As soon as the guests arrive, excuse yourself on the pretense of making a phone call. As you leave, ask one of the guests to light the charcoal. This marks you as an excellent host since it makes the guests feel at home. It's also important if you have problems lighting charcoal.

3. Make sure there is a mini-



mum of two dogs nearby, at least one of which should be very large, very hungry and very clumsy. The dogs are especially handy for gobbling up chunks of hamburger you drop on the ground. (Some guests are abhorrently finicky about eating hamburger that's been on the ground even briefly.) The dogs also provide superb in-advance excuses for the inevitable failure of the cookout. Be sure to make frequent, loud comments like: "How can anyone cook with a large, hungry, clumsy dog underfoot all the time?"

4. Make certain there is a

minimum of two three-year-olds nearby, at least one of which should be very large, very hungry and very clumsy. The kids are also handy for in-advance excuses. Say things like: "How can anyone cook with a large, hungry, clumsy kid underfoot all the time?" The kids are also especially handy for gobbling up chunks of hamburger you drop on the ground.

5. If you happen to drop a hamburger into the fire, don't panic. As the hamburger sizzles, pops and burns, just smile and say confidently: "I did that on purpose, of course. It helps flavor the hamburgers and also neutralizes certain charcoal fumes."

6. Install a stereo speaker on your patio and turn the volume on full-blast so the music drowns out the cries of pain and obscenities you shout as you lower the grill without your hot pads. (This is particularly recommended if the mothers of those three-year-olds are present.)

7. Casually drop tidbits of information to demonstrate your expertise in Cookoutery and your broad knowledge of hamburger folklore. Things like: "Hamburgers are named after Hamburg, Germany, you know" or "Overcooking hamburgers destroys their natural juices" or "Hamburgers are such a delicacy in certain parts of Afghanistan that tribesmen use them to trade for wives."

(Lying is permissible under these circumstances, but the preceding line is not suggested if your neighbor happens to be an Afghanistani—particularly a foul-tempered Afghanistani.)

8. Place a large fan on your patio, explaining that you brought it out as a convenience to your guests—so the choky charcoal fumes can be blown away. Point the fan toward the house of your grumpy neighbor who is also engaging in a Great Hamburger Cookout.

9. Provide your guests with large portions of whisky sours. Do not allow the glasses to become more than half empty. After an appropriate wait, excuse yourself, dash down to Henry's Hamburger Haven and pick up enough Henryburgers to feed the whole crew.

10. Be modest, but not too modest, when serving your flawless hamburgers. □





Thunderbird:

Possibly the Best Luxury Car Buy in the World Today

by Michael E. Maattala

Bordeaux Luxury Group is one of three new color-coordinated groups available on Thunderbird



in quiet comfort, enjoying the many luxurious features that are standard equipment.

Inside, silky Aurora nylon cloth and vinyl cover the deep-cushioned seats, which accommodate six adults easily. The front split bench seats are individually adjustable and feature fold-down center armrests. Elegant touches like assist straps, burled walnut woodtone appliques and plush cut-pile carpeting enhance the luxury.

Thunderbird also is equipped with power windows, SelectAire Conditioner, electric clock and AM radio with dual front-door-mounted speakers. The interior lighting consists of door courtesy lights, and under-panel, glove box and front ash tray lights.

Outside, Thunderbird elegance includes a full vinyl roof, opera windows with Thunderbird insignia, color-keyed vinyl-insert bodyside moldings and a Deluxe Bumper Group.

Functional equipment is in keeping with Thunderbird's high level of standard features. There's power steering, power front disc brakes, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission and a 460-CID V-8 that offers improved fuel economy over 1975. Thunderbird achieved an estimated 16 miles per gallon on the Environmental Protection Agency

ENTER THE PRIVATE world of Thunderbird. Ford's personal luxury car has always been among the sales leaders in its class. This year, Thunderbird may possibly be the best luxury car buy in the world.

With its fine styling and excellent engineering, Thunderbird makes motoring a truly memorable experience. Driver and passengers ride

highway cycle test and 12 on the city cycle. California results are somewhat lower. Of course, your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

One of Thunderbird's most impressive features is its smooth, quiet ride, much of which is due to the excellent front suspension system. For example, springs and shock absorbers are calibrated to match weight and ride requirements. And left and right axial struts are anchored to the frame in large rubber bushings, allowing the wheels to move slightly rearward when hitting a bump. This controlled movement helps reduce initial road shock before it reaches the passenger area.

Also contributing to Thunderbird's quiet world is a generous amount of body-sealing material, including butyl tape seals for windshields and backlite; special pads, grommets, seals and plug buttons that guard against water, dust and drafts; and large-diameter, tubular weatherstripping that provides tight seals around all doors.

Although Thunderbird comes with a high level of standard equipment, a wide range of options are available to help you personalize your car. New for 1976 are three special luxury groups: Creme and Gold, Bordeaux, and Lipstick. Each provides color-coordinated elegance inside and out.

The Bordeaux Luxury Group, for example, has a Bordeaux Starfire finish, Dark Red or Silver Odense grain half-vinyl roof, color-keyed border moldings and color-keyed wide bodyside moldings. Other exterior features are dual bodyside and hood paint stripes and wire wheel covers.

Two luxurious seating surfaces are available: Red leather with vinyl trim or plush Red Media velour with vinyl trim. Carpeting and other components also are color-keyed. There's even a luggage compartment dress-up package.



Power-operated glass moonroof

Several other new options are offered this year. There's a power lumbar seat for the driver—the touch of a button lets you adjust the level of back support you want. An elegant new cloth seat trim—Kasman—is available for the first time on Thunderbird. It has the look and feel of cashmere and comes in Medium Blue, Red, Jade, Saddle/Tan or Gold.

Two new color choices—Rose and Jade—have been added to the power-operated glass moonroof. Gold, Silver and Brown also are available. New for '76½ is an optional half-vinyl roof with bright border moldings.

For added listening pleasure, Thunderbird buyers may select from a variety of Aeronutronic Ford audio systems. All factory-installed Ford radios have 100 percent solid state chassis, variable tone control and full-fidelity sound. Two exciting systems have been added this year: an AM/FM stereo radio with quadrasonic eight-track tape, and an AM/FM stereo search radio. On the search radio, touching the signal-seeking tuning bar automatically moves the selector to the next adjacent station on the band. Both new systems include four speakers.

Thunderbird's optional Light Group has been upgraded with the addition of an automatic headlamp dimmer. Other features of the group are: Autolamp on/off delay system, passenger lighted visor vanity mirror, dual overhead map/dome lights, engine compartment light, low-fuel and door-ajar warning lights, and a headlamps-on alert buzzer.

For Thunderbird owners who

battle extremely cold weather each winter, there's a new engine block heater. It plugs into a garage outlet and protects the engine and facilitates starting. For warmer weather when a breath of fresh air would feel great, Thunderbird owners will appreciate the optional power-operated sunroof. The steel panel opens and closes with just the touch of a switch.

Other comfort and convenience options are Fingertip Speed Control, Automatic Temperature Control, and an electric windshield/rear window defrost system that utilizes a gold-plated film laminated in glass.

Thunderbird functional options include four-wheel disc brakes, Traction-Lok differential axle, and a Sure-Track brake control system (includes four-wheel disc brakes).

Your local Ford dealer has complete details on all Thunderbird colors, trim choices and optional equipment. And he'll be happy to let you take a test drive—the best way to see what it's like in the private world of Thunderbird.

Thunderbird models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: power antenna, Convenience Group, moonroof, Bordeaux Luxury Group, power door locks and WSW tires. □

Product information appearing in this issue was correct when approved for printing. Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



The Musket That Won the Revolution

by Joseph and Frances Gies

paintings by William Noonan



ON OCTOBER 17, 1777, General John Burgoyne handed over his ivory-hilted sword to General Horatio Gates, while behind him his army of 5,600 men stood in long columns in the sunny fields of Saratoga, heads bent, firearms on the ground. In front of him American fifes and drums played an incessant, derisive *Yankee Doodle*. It was a very unexpected conclusion to a campaign aimed at crushing the main resistance centers of the colonies.

Burgoyne was unprepared for a number of problems that became evident in the course of his march through upper New York state. But the most serious, and probably the most decisive, was the firepower the colonials were able to muster at Bennington, Freeman's Farm, Stillwater and Bemis Heights.

The "Kentucky rifle" (more accurately Pennsylvania) of Dan Morgan's riflemen was a formidable weapon because of its range and accuracy, but at Saratoga only a few hundred Americans were armed with it. The arm that won the campaign, carried by practically all of the 20,000 American soldiers who took part in it, was the smooth-bore musket, and at least half of the muskets had been shipped from France that spring in the form of a weapon known from its origin and date as the "Charleville 1763."

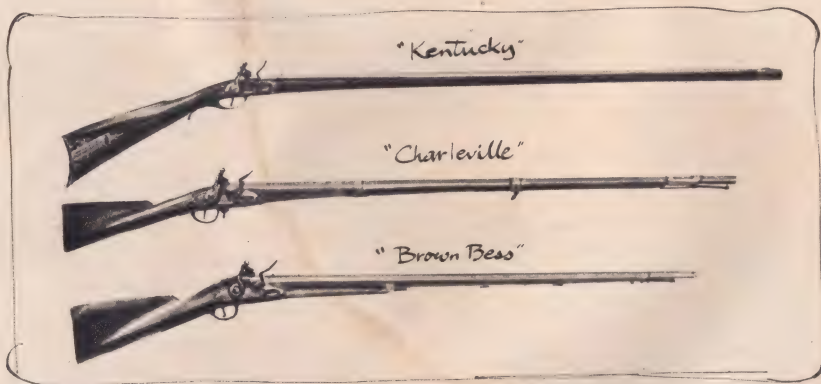
The Charleville was the best military arm of its day, superior to the British "Brown Bess" (with which many Americans were armed in the early stages of the war). Like all the muskets of the period, it was long, almost five feet, and weighed (with bayonet) about 10 pounds. It fired ammunition calibre .69, that is, a round lead ball .69 inches in diameter. Its stock, which ran nearly the length of the barrel, was of French walnut.

Like all the small arms of the day, it was a flintlock; its firing mechanism operated by tripping a

piece of flint held in a vise, the flint striking a glancing blow against the steel "frizzen," causing a shower of sparks that ignited a bit of priming powder in the adjacent pan, whose cover was automatically opened by the action. The flash of the exploding priming powder in turn ignited the propellant charge unless, because of insufficient or defective powder, it failed to do so, resulting in a "flash in the pan." A veteran soldier or well-trained recruit could open a paper cartridge, pour a little powder in the pan,

of Charleville in the Ardennes, as well as the armories of St. Etienne and Maubeuge. Despite its shorter range and lesser accuracy, the Charleville was actually superior as a military (as distinguished from a hunting) weapon even to the Pennsylvania rifle because of its greater reliability and durability under repeated firing. Before the end of the war, even Dan Morgan's riflemen discarded their rifles in favor of it.

Gates' victorious army may have had as many as 20,000 Charlevilles. On March 17, 1777, the *Mercury*,



close the cover, pour the rest of the powder down the barrel, follow it with the ball and the paper (to hold the ball snugly in the barrel, purposely made a little too large for it), and be ready to fire in 15 seconds.

The Charleville was manufactured in France at its home arsenal

out of Brest, landed 11,987 muskets at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and on April 20 the *Amphitrite* delivered approximately 12,000 more—most of them Charlevilles. The muskets, along with ammunition, uniforms and other supplies and equipment, had been purchased by Franklin in Paris from "Roder-

ique Hortalez Et Compagnie," a mysterious firm which concealed the vivid personality of Pierre Caron de Beaumarchais, a playwright whose comedy, *The Barber of Seville*, had taken Paris by storm in 1775.

De Beaumarchais was an idealist and a burning enthusiast for the American cause with valuable connections inside the royal government. He arranged to sell the Charlevilles to Franklin for \$5 a-piece, a knockdown price compared with the \$12 to \$14 American gunsmiths charged for muskets. Even the \$5 did not come from America, but was taken care of by loans from the French treasury, the French government thus paying its own arsenals for the guns De Beaumarchais shipped.

Many thousands more Charlevilles arrived in the summer and fall of 1777 (Lafayette, landing in Philadelphia in July, brought 250), to help turn the tide in favor of the colonies. Altogether, over 100,000 were shipped from France, and at Yorktown practically every man in the Allied army was armed with a Charleville.

Its role in the Revolution whose Bicentennial we are celebrating would suffice to assure immortality to the antique musket, but 20 years after Yorktown it played a part in a second American revolution scarcely less significant than the first.

In the autumn of 1801 President Jefferson, Secretary of War Henry

Dearborn, and several other notables gathered around a table in the new White House. They watched in silence as a tall, hawk-nosed, 35-year-old visitor with piercing black eyes and energetic hands spread on the table a new, disassembled Charleville musket and a number of extra components of musket locks (mechanisms). Eli Whitney then stepped back and invited Jefferson and the others to mix up the parts however they pleased. He then rapidly reassembled a musket and presented it to the President. As Jefferson and his officials examined the gun, their incredulous smiles gave way to exclamations of amazement.

"You see, Mr. President," said Whitney, "in my system of manufacture, every part of each musket will fit any musket in my factory." Thus was the manufacture by interchangeable parts—the basic principle of mass production—dramatically introduced to the country that was to be its earliest and greatest home.

Whitney was already famous for his cotton gin when he accepted an order for 10,000 Charleville muskets from the Federal government in 1798, when war with former ally France seemed to threaten. His proposal for manufacturing with machinery and water power was so novel that it would certainly have been rejected, except that all the gunsmiths of Connecticut and Pennsylvania, hammering away at



their one-at-a-time gunmaking, could not supply the army. "Machinery moved by water . . . would greatly diminish the labor and facilitate the manufacture," Whitney boldly wrote Secretary of the Treasury Oliver Wolcott. "Machines for forging, rolling, floating, boring, grinding, polishing, etc., may all be made to advantage."

Awarded a contract, Whitney built a plant on the Mill River near New Haven, and equipped it with machines mostly fabricated by himself, powered by a water wheel. Not surprisingly, production problems for the pioneer enterprise proved greater than he had foreseen, and he failed to meet his contract delivery dates. The consequence was his journey to Washington for the White House demonstration.

Actually Whitney had cheated a little to make his demonstration work, his parts nearly always requiring some hand filing for proper fit. Effective interchangeability depended on the development of a machine-tool (tools that build machines) industry, which took another generation. But the principle Whitney had laid down guided John Hall at Harper's Ferry, Simeon North in Connecticut, Samuel Colt at Hartford and other gunmakers, and was successfully transferred to civilian industry for manufacture of clocks, locks, stoves, sewing machines and typewriters.

Whitney had several European

predecessors of whom he was not aware, the most notable of them Honoré Blanc, superintendent of St. Etienne, one of the French armories that made the Charleville. Jefferson had discovered Blanc in 1785 during his French ministry and "attempted to remove this Artist to the United States." Blanc made far more Charlevilles than Whitney did, but his mass production technique proved to be a dead end, French industry refusing to abandon its traditional dedication to handcrafted luxury goods.

Even in Britain, the world's machine shop, interchangeable parts manufacture was not adopted until after 1851, when at the great Crystal Palace Exhibition in London the Colt revolvers and Sharps rifles of the American display suddenly introduced the world to what was at once dubbed "The American System of Manufacture." In the next few years, Britain, Prussia, Russia and other countries imported American machinery for their arsenals, though their transfer of the technology to civilian goods production lagged far behind the American example.

Today a team of archeologists from Yale is digging at the site of Whitney's old Mill River plant to try to learn more about the original tools and techniques out of which grew our mass manufacture of automobiles, refrigerators and television sets—whose first ancestor was an antique musket. □

Vegetables for the Gourmet Gardener

Have you considered the burpless cucumber?



by Joan Lee Faust

illustrations by Susan Naughton

ONE OF THE BEST reasons for the gourmet to garden is to raise some of the delectable vegetables that rarely appear in the market. The best way to learn about them is to leaf through seed catalogues and choose some of the unusual kinds.

Here are some suggestions.

Especially appealing are the ingredients for salads. At the top of any gourmet's list should be the superb lettuce called Buttercrunch. The lettuce forms a loose, open head of soft buttery leaves with beautiful green color. The centers are white and crunchy. A Bibb type, this lettuce was developed at Cornell University by Dr. George Raleigh.

To keep a constant summer supply, sow portions of the row at two-week intervals. Unlike the hard, tight-headed supermarket iceberg lettuce, which is strictly a cool season grower, Buttercrunch is a summer lettuce. Heat does not hamper growth, and gardeners can enjoy it from spring to fall. Allow two months from the time seed is planted to harvest.

Another excellent lettuce that rarely is seen in the produce market is leaf lettuce. This is a cut-and-come-again crop. The plants will produce continually if only the larger outer leaves are harvested so the smaller inner ones can develop. An interesting salad and garden row can be planned if several varieties of

these leaf lettuces are planted in a mixed row.

The varieties all have curious names which identify their types. Oak Leaf, a flat lettuce, is shaped something like oak leaves. Ruby has reddish-bronze leaves with crispy edges. Black Seeded Simpson, one of the oldest and best leaf lettuces, has crisp foliage. Salad Bowl is curly and succulent, with excellent color.

More unusual and rarely seen in any markets is the delightful French salad delicacy, mache, or as we know it, corn salad or field salad. This green has interesting flavor. The leaves are a rich green, long and shaped somewhat like a spoon. They lend a munchy quality to mixed green and chef's salads. This crop has an abhorrence of hot weather and must be grown in the cool spring or early fall seasons. Plant it in rich fertile loam, the same soil and climate suited to spinach.

While on the French favorites, there is also sorrel, the inspiration for the famous French sorrel soup, creme d'oseille. Few gardeners bother with this delightful green and they are missing something. In spite of the sorrel's sharp taste, it is an asset for salads and the basis of superb soup.

Among the delicacies increasing in popularity, but still quite expensive at the green grocer's, are the burpless cucumbers.

There are several varieties, most of them developed from the original Japanese long cucumbers. The fruits are long, and unless picked promptly, attain quite a curved shape. One way to get around this is to trellis the vines so the cucumbers hang down. The skins are tender and succulent. Another "burpless" variety is Sweet Slice, a vigorous, disease-resistant cucumber.

Another cucumber to try is a variety called Lemon. Its fruit is yellow, about the size and shape of a lemon with white flesh and sweet flavor. China is a cucumber to grow when looking for mild flavor. It has exceptionally long, skinny fruits which can develop to

about a foot and a half. This cucumber is sometimes found in gourmet markets, carefully wrapped in plastic with a high price tag.

One more cucumber, for city and terrace gardeners, is the scaled down pot-type cucumber, Patio Pik. This variety was bred for growing in a clay pot containing about two gallons of soil, with a trellis to support the vigorous vines. Remember, if you are growing this cucumber in a tub, it will have limited soil space and needs to be fed regularly, about every three weeks. And don't forget to water it well and often.

For flavoring cooking, especially meats and stews, there are shal-



lots. The shallot is a member of the onion family and combines the best qualities of garlic, onions and green onions. The shallots look like large garlic buds with a brown skin.

Shallots are planted in the same manner as garlic or onions. Young cloves (small shallots) are purchased from mail-order houses or well-stocked local garden supply stores, and set about one inch deep, three or four inches apart in rows a foot apart. Keep them growing all summer and when the tops start to flop over, around Labor Day, harvest them.

Pull up the shallots carefully and place them on a screen or airy place to dry for a day or so in much the same manner as onions are dried. Store in a cool dry place. The tiny shallots that do not develop to full size can be saved for planting the next year.

Another must on the gourmet's list are two kinds of peas: snow, or edible, pod peas and *petit pois*. Peas are something like corn in that they deteriorate rapidly after picking. So for best flavor peas must be picked just before cooking time. The edible pod peas are succulent delicious peas, eaten pod and all. Some excellent varieties to choose are Little Sweetie, which has some summer heat tolerance; old reliable Mammoth Melting; and Dwarf Gray Sugar, which does not need staking. Be certain to pick these

peas when the pod is newly formed and the outline of peas is just barely visible.

And for the gourmet who has patience to shell them, there is the supreme variety, *Petit Pois Gullivert*, the true French delight. The plants are prolific and thrive best in cool seasons where the soil is rich and well drained. These peas, as with snow peas, must be picked at the peak of perfection, just as the fully developed pea is showing in the pod.

While thumbing through the seed catalogues, pause on a few dessert items: alpine strawberries to grow from seed, melon-sized watermelons and midget melons.

Here are the addresses of the seed companies offering these delectable delights. The catalogues are free.

W. Atlee Burpee Company, Warminster, Pennsylvania 18974; J. A. Demonchaux Company, 225 Jackson, Topeka, Kansas 66603; Gurney Seed & Nursery Company, Yankton, South Dakota 57078; Joseph Harris Company, Inc., Moreton Farm, Rochester, New York 14624; Nichols Garden Nursery, 1190 North Pacific Highway, Albany, Oregon 97321; Geo. W. Park Seed Company, Inc., Greenwood, South Carolina 29647; Stokes Seeds, Inc., Box 548, Buffalo, New York 14240; Thompson & Morgan, Inc., P. O. Box 24, Somerdale, New Jersey 08083. □

Cincinnati— My Kind of Town

story and photos by Nicholas J. Rush



ANY EDITOR worth his salt will tell you that in today's magazine world, timeliness is next to godliness.

That being the case, this story is entirely out of step. Unabashed praise of a large American city is hardly in tune with the current "Back-to-Nature" wave which threatens to bury us all in herbal shampoos and hickory nuts.

In fact, the news from the urban areas these days has been so dreary, even I have caught myself gazing wistfully from time to time at enticing ads for modern Waldens. Whenever this happens, I snap my mind to attention with pleasant thoughts about a city that would make Henry David Thoreau pack his bags and head back to town.

I have spent many wonderful days in Cincinnati, Ohio. I've had nice times in San Diego, Denver, Boston and many other towns, too. But it's never the same.

Everything about Cincinnati is upbeat. Unlike the abandoned and forgotten cores of many industrial cities, downtown streets are lively, day and night.

Urban walls splashed with trendy supergraphics make me grin every time I walk by. My favorite is a delicatessen wall which features a smiling King Kong holding a kosher pickle.

There are the usual assortment of fine stores and gleaming new office buildings, but in Cincinnati they're linked by a million-dollar skywalk that hovers over downtown's busy streets.

Any sports-crazy teenager in the country (or a Cincinnati of any age) can tell you that the town's professional baseball team is a juggernaut. A world champion juggernaut, at that. What I like is that the Grand Old Game in Cincinnati is played in a modern, multimillion-dollar stadium built right on the edge of downtown. And next door is the even newer Riverfront Coliseum where hockey fans come in from the cold. This complex is part of a plan to replace riverfront junkyards with new buildings, greenery and lots of strolling space.

And Cincinnatians do stroll. Mass hysteria is reserved for the Reds. I find residents to have a distinct Southern cast. Not lax and languid, by any means, but definitely imbued with a relaxed, gracious nature. Perhaps it's the influence of the beautiful bluegrasses of Kentucky just a few furlongs away. More likely, it's the result of more than a century of close contact with the cotton-growing southern states.

Whatever, the city has a pleasant personality. It's evident at



noontime on Fountain Square where on sunny days businessmen and women and families munch double-dip ice cream cones and enjoy a wide variety of entertainment scheduled by a new city activity known as "Summer on the Square."

It's just as apparent at evening. Nearly a thousand people joined me one night for an open-air showing of a Marx Brothers' movie at the remodeled plaza.

I put my blanket down next to a friendly looking quartet, a young married couple, I learned later, who were entertaining her visiting parents. The son-in-law confided that when they suggested taking in a nighttime movie, outdoors and in the center of the city, a look of disbelief crossed his in-law's faces. He had only seen that look once before: when he asked permission to marry their daughter.

Munching on picnic-basket sandwiches, they appeared content enough to me. Their cuisine, however, must have startled the natives. I know it did me. Preparing your own food for an outing in Cincinnati is truly hauling coals to Newcastle—inferior coals, at that.

While gourmets generally reserve their raves for eateries in the high-rent districts of New York, San Francisco, New Orleans and the like, there's been a boomlet of late in knowledgeable admirers of Cincinnati's culinary endeavors.

Those of us who have starved ourselves unmercifully in anticipation of *medallions de veau Pierre* at Lee Comisar's Maisonette or fresh trout *Bretonne* at Don Whittle's Pigall's look upon their conversion, however late, as welcome nonetheless.

If you're a star watcher, consider this: seven restaurants in the United States receive the five-star rating in Mobil's well-known Travel Guide; Cincinnati, with the Maisonette and Pigall's, is one of two cities to garner two.

I found this strange at first. Cincinnati is, after all, a river town whose early hordes of immigrants were mostly Germans. Being a German myself, I was ready to find myself shoulder-deep in red cabbage, hasenpfeffer and beer. There are a few thriving Teutonic hangouts in town. Grammer's is the best known, but I enjoy the bratwurst at Stenger's Cafe, a neighborhood saloon in a district known as "Over the Rhine."

The truth of the matter is that few cities on earth can boast of so much diverse, delectable food.

Take, for instance, Cincinnati chili. Best chili on earth, bar

none. There are those who disagree, mostly an unruly lot from Texas that fancy a version whose only claim to fame seems to be that you have to have an asbestos mouth to eat it.

When asked to rate Cincinnati chili, Texans are likely to turn red in the face and, if ladies are present, sputter something about "that tendermouth slush." What do they know? The cognoscenti among chili lovers agree: Cincinnati chili is the haute of *haute cuisine*. I would invite non-believers to drop into any one of Joe Kiradjieff's Empress chili parlors or Lambert and Christie Lambrinides' Skyline emporiums and order a One-way, Two-way, Three-way, Four- or Five-way with appropriate liquid refreshment (root beer, of course).

A One-way is pure chili; Two adds spaghetti underneath; a Three heaps a layer of grated cheese on top; a Four-way, a large sprinkling of onions, and a Five-way has a base of beans. The only other thing on the menu is chili dogs.

For beginners, a Three-way with one or two chili dogs is the house recommendation. Anything stronger may be more than you can handle. I tried a Five-way on my second visit and it took three packs of breath mints to wipe out the effects.

How did such a gastronomical wonder end up in a town better known for its fancy French dining?

There are many theories. Those from the Southwest claim it was the result of a bacteria run wild. This, of course, is nothing more than sour grapes.

Actually, most Cincinnatians attribute their good fortune to the arrival of Joe Kiradjieff's father, Athanas, in 1922. After a year of rather ordinary offerings at his luncheon counter, Mr. Kiradjieff introduced his spicy Balkan chili, and the rest is history. Almost.

There is a sizeable group of residents, primarily those of Greek descent, who feel that the town's original recipe was the product of Nicholas Lambrinides. The elder Lambrinides was a cook at the original Empress Chili parlor during the 20s and 30s, where according to some he invented the recipe which he took with him when he opened his own parlor in 1940.

Needless to say, this is a controversy of some note. To date, the city fathers, although unable to find a mediator, have managed to keep the disputing factions under control, undoubtedly just one more reason Cincinnati has earned the title America's Best-Governed City.



In any event, Izzy Kadetz and I have concluded that there is no reason for such unrest in a city that would be better off eating pastrami on rye. Izzy, by the way, owns the craziest delicatessen/restaurant I have ever been in. No prices on the menu. No menu, unless you count the combination wall clock-sign with its noticeably incomplete listing.

Best bet at Izzy's is to politely order a corned beef on pumpernickel, a couple of potato pancakes and a cola. Don't mind Izzy's bellowing, and, whatever else, don't look as if the bedlam is beneath you.

Not all the restaurants are as wacky as Izzy's, nor as international as Lee Comisar's, nor as aromatic as the Kiradjieffs' and the Lambrinides'. There has been a rash of "theme" dining spots opened in recent years, with curious names like The Edwards Manufacturing Company and The Last Moving Picture Company. They specialize in unusual atmosphere, and are not

unlike many others you'll find in most major towns. Together, however, with their flavorful counterparts they must make Cincinnati a town with more fine dining tables per capita than anywhere in the land.

For the life of me I find it hard to explain why most residents aren't terribly fat. Perhaps it's because so many take advantage of the beautiful bicycle paths in Eden Park, where only a grassy knoll or two separates the magnificent Cincinnati Art Museum from the Playhouse in the Park, whose resident theater company is engaged in some ambitious theatrical undertakings.

It could be, too, that residents spend considerable time walking up and down the hills that surround the city. Like a rather famous city in Italy, Cincinnati is said to be built on seven hills. That's nonsense. I've trod up more than 10 myself. I prefer hiking up the one that leads to Mt. Adams, a delightful area where restored and refurbished old brick houses surround unique bistros and numerous arts and crafts shops.

On warm afternoons, you'll find residents settling comfortably into chairs on the outdoor patio of The Blind Lemon. Squint and you'll swear you are at Clint Eastwood's Hog's Breath on the Monterey Peninsula. Others gather at nifty spots like Mahogany Hall, Somebody's Basement or Yesterday's.

Conversation is invariably interesting. There are always exciting art exhibits at the Taft Museum, some funky trucks by Dennis Clive at the Contemporary Arts Center and, by the way, have you been to the Nature Center lately? I had. I didn't have the heart to tell my resident friends that my companion was Charles Harper, the wildlife artist who is as whimsical in his conversation as in his painting.

A delightful town. Wonderful people. If you have the chance, drop by. It will do wonders for you. □

Wildlife artist Charles Harper



Improve your lot with better ideas from Ford

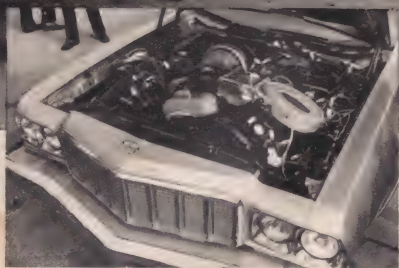
Better ideas from Ford make yardwork smooth, swift, beautiful! In-line engines cut vibration on Ford lawn and garden tractors. Deep-padded tractor seats adjust fore and aft, car-style. Ford riding mowers, with a big five-bushel catcher, cut and pick up grass and leaves in one operation. Ford equipment comes in models that fit your size lot. Includes rotary mowers, snow throwers, rotary tillers and chain saws. Better ideas from Ford. See them at your Ford lawn and garden equipment dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Lawn Mowers".

FORD TRACTORS





STIRLING:



New Look at an Old Engine

COME THE MID-1980s, you may be driving a car equipped with a rotating preheater, a doughnut-shaped air cleaner, and a burner resembling the oil-heating unit on a home furnace. They're all parts of an experimental engine devel-

oped under a joint program between Ford and the N. V. Philips Company of the Netherlands.

The radical powerplant is a 170-horsepower Stirling engine. Unlike most of today's automobile engines, which rely on internal combustion,

the Stirling engine has an external combustion burner system. The engine generates power by the alternate heating and cooling of a captive volume of hydrogen.

Under the Ford-funded program, both companies worked on the engine's design and built parts. Philips installed the engine in a 1975 Ford Torino and last fall shipped the vehicle to Ford's Research and Engineering Center in Dearborn, Michigan, where Ford engineers began an extensive testing and development program.

The Stirling-cycle engine is not new—it was patented by a Scotsman, Robert Stirling, in 1816, and has been installed in experimental buses and boats. But the Ford/Philips version is the first designed specifically for installation in an automobile. It generates about as much horsepower as the Torino's standard 351-CID V-8 and shows potential for being cleaner, quieter, more responsive and more fuel-economical. It can operate on a variety of liquid fuels.

For years, the Stirling engine was considered too heavy and too complex for passenger-car applications. Oxides of nitrogen emissions also were excessive. But recent achievements by Ford and Philips, which has worked on the engine since 1938, showed potential for major accomplishments in mechanical simplification and reduction in size, weight and cost.

In 1972, Ford entered into a

formal agreement with the Dutch company for a license and development program. The joint development work resulted in the Stirling-equipped Torino. "Packaging" of the engine into Ford's mid-size required only minor changes to the front end of the vehicle.

In a preliminary dynamometer test program conducted in Holland, the engine met projected output objectives. In addition, when the combustor was checked, its measured emission levels of 0.1 grams per mile (gpm) of hydrocarbon, 0.31 gpm of carbon monoxide, and 0.17 gpm of oxides of nitrogen were well below the respective objectives of 0.41, 3.40 and 0.4 (1978 statutory levels). These levels were at low mileage, but because of the external combustion burner system of the Stirling, very little deterioration is expected over 50,000 miles.

Engine dynamometer testing showed a 47 percent improvement in fuel economy over the 351-CID Torino (calibrated to meet California emissions standards). Vehicle performance (acceleration) is expected to be about 20 percent better than the Torino, while the Stirling's noise level objective is the equivalent of a Ford car being towed through the test area at 65 miles per hour—with the engine shut off.

Ford also is in the midst of a government-funded study to determine the potential of a smaller version of the Stirling for use in Pinto-size cars. □

MINNESOTA,

Where Things are Wet and Wonderful



by Phyllis Zauner

paintings by Duane Krych

THE WAY THINGS are in Minnesota, you could fish a different lake every day for the next 30 years and still be dragging your tackle box around trying to get to the last of them. There always seems

to be one more across the road from wherever you are.

With such an impressive smorgasbord of lakes, the only question—provided you don't happen to have a 30-year vacation coming—is how to decide which one.

As a matter of fact, you can't go very wrong whatever your choice. Every lake teems with that tasty tidbit known as the sunfish, and most of them contain crappie and perch. However, if your passion is for walleye, northern pike or muskie, you have to be more selective because these fish favor deep water. But deep-water lakes are abundant, too.

My favorite family vacation spot is the lake-dotted area north of Minneapolis, around Park Rapids, known locally as the Heartland.

It's primitive and civilized at the same time—a versatile country. You can canoe through backwoods for days without seeing another person. Or live on the American Plan in elegant luxury. Or put yourself in the arms of "Slim's Bait, Boats, and Cottages" (important in that order) and count on Slim to know where the fish are.

Or, like me, you can settle down in a lodge such as Timberlane, which offers something for everyone. Northern pike for the guy who likes to feel a big fighter on the line; millions of sunfish for kids



without that much patience; and a lodge dining room for those who think a kitchen is no place to spend a vacation.

Minnesota's heartland region is crammed with small-to-medium-sized lakes, all ringed with scraggly Norway pines and wash-day-white birch trees. The space between the lakes is coated with wheat and barley, then sprinkled with white farm houses and red barns.



From May to September, there's little on anyone's mind but fishing. What begins as idle conversation when the ice starts to thaw ap-

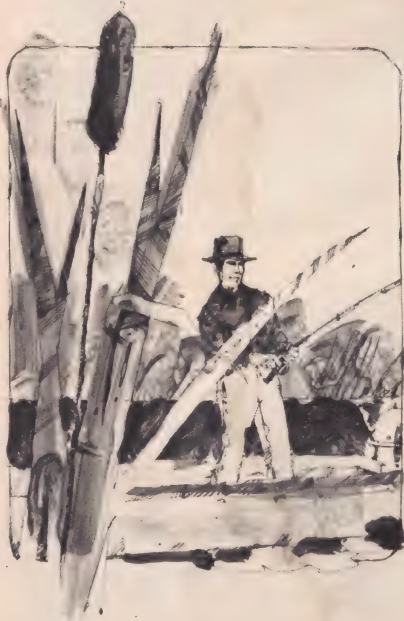
proaches near-frenzy by the time bass season opens in May.

Angling techniques are haggled endlessly, though everyone has agreed a hundred times that casting is the all-around winner. Should the water be glassy or ripply? Is a north wind preferable? The issue of bait can be argued for days, because it involves both live bait and lures, and includes everything up to cross-eyed minnows. The guy who wins the debate is the one who comes home with a full stringer. It is generally conceded that early morning fishing is best. Then some fellow shows up in the fish house with a dozen walleyes and says he caught them at midnight. After that everyone is cruising around the sandbar all night long.

I stick with sunfish. The technique for catching them is about as complicated as sneezing. All it takes is a pole, a can of worms, and a hankering for a platter of Minnesota's most succulent fish. But don't get the idea a sunfish gives up easily. He'll fight all the way to the boat. If he were the size of a walleye, there'd be the devil to pay landing him.

Every summer vast numbers of anglers immigrate to Minnesota. Yet the country is so poignantly beautiful it doesn't need the fish to make it attractive. Fisherman or not, who can resist getting up at dawn to listen to the spectacular silence, broken only by the staccato of a motorboat cutting through the





satin water as a lone fisherman goes out to catch his breakfast? At the edge of the lake a heron daintily lifts a long, skinny leg, then awkwardly pulls his massive body into the air, a minnow dangling from his beak. Somewhere a loon cries out a lonely message.

Later in the day the scene is a busy one with kids water skiing, swimmers calling to one another, happy toddlers fat in their orange life vests, fishermen straightening their untidy boats.

In Minnesota there is no short-

age of resorts. A letter of inquiry to Minnesota Heartland, Box 443, Brainerd 56401, will bring a flood of brochures and information. To find out about the rest of Minnesota, write the Department of Economic Development, 480 Cedar Street, St. Paul 55101. You're sure to find many resorts that will fit your particular vacation style. Prices range from modest to luxury class.

Timberlane Lodge, for instance, offers a three-bedroom, two-bath pine cabin with massive fireplace and floor-to-ceiling view of the lake, for \$165 a week, including use of a boat, water skis, tennis courts, sauna and other facilities. You can cook if you want, or eat at the lodge.

In general, Minnesota's lake country night life tends to be of the homespun variety. Some resorts do have cocktail lounges, though, where fishermen can get together at day's end to swap lies and pass along the local folklore about what fish is biting where and on what tackle. Occasionally someone will strum a guitar or play the piano.

But the pull to the pillow becomes irresistible at an early hour for most; all the fishermen are thinking of getting up at dawn to accommodate the early hunger habits of the fish.

The way back to the cabin is lighted by fireflies. You're lucky if the crickets keep you awake past 10 o'clock. □

The Box Turtle: Our Genial Methuselah

by Mary Reeves Mahoney

illustrations by Gerry Gersten

NOBODY'S FOUND the fountain of youth yet because they haven't been looking in their own backyard. There could be boxes there full of clues. Pick one up and study it, and you might find out how to live to 130. Turtles know. They live longer than any other back-boned animal on earth despite their taste for poisonous mushrooms and a tendency to meet lawnmowers head on.

Where our house is, in a wooded area, we have more box turtles for neighbors than people. And there are times when we prefer these winsome armored reptiles to some of the *Homo sapiens* types around here. Our droll living fossils display qualities that are irresistibly friendly: they're responsively interested in whatever people do, they're famous for their gentleness, and they're silent. No wonder Napoleon took one with him into exile on St. Helena. It lived on for nearly a century after the

emperor's death.

What motorist hasn't seen a turtle inching his way across the road beneath his portable castle? This could be a slider, a mud turtle, a snapper or a tortoise, but it's usually a box turtle, the most plentiful and widespread land variety in the United States. And the most unique. He's the only kind in



the world who can pull in legs and head and close his *hinged* undershell so he's totally enveloped within a box of bone. With such fortress-like protection he doesn't need to be aggressive, hence his famed good nature. Some zoos let children play with box turtles all they like.

I met my first box turtle while I was picking strawberries, a beautiful young female (brown eyes, flat undershell) with vivid orange markings on her high-domed shell. But right away I saw something was the matter. A box usually closes tight at a stranger's handling. This one tried, but when she closed up in front, her hind legs popped out of the rear. When head and legs moved out at the front again, then the hind parts went back inside. I took this curiosity home. Was there ever a turtle too big for her shell?

Yes. The young, who do most of their growing in a few years but don't mature until 50 or 60, will so gorge on juicy vegetation they grow fat as dough. This young lady was a regular Jack-in-the-box, so the kids took her to school where she graciously gave her comical performances. The youngsters howled.

When she got back, looking weary, I thought, we gazed into each other's eyes and reached a woman-to-woman understanding: What's so funny when a girl can no longer zip up in her size 12s?

This makes her a free sideshow? I walked straight outside and freed our bulging beauty in a mossy spot.

"Get lost," I told her. "Hurry."

Before she lumbered out of sight she paused, looking back at me with that regal little neck twist, chin lifted, that patrician cant of the head and tiny blazing stare turtles give you.

My guess is box turtles got that aristocratic stare from looking down on all their relatives. And rightly. Who wants to claim kin to anything as disagreeable as a snapping turtle? Or as stupid as the water turtle? And as for the next closest relatives—snakes and crocodiles—who cares to be related to them at all?

These land turtles we so often see, whether the Eastern variety, the Florida, the Gulf Coast-Texas, Midland or Western, will have slightly different markings. But they're all *Terrapene carolina*, the only ones with box shells, and as if they know they're special they toddle about the world like portly kings in fairy tales.

They saunter across our lawn all summer with self-important airs. Having survived disasters for 200 million years, having witnessed the arrival and departure of the dinosaurs, and the recent arrival of mankind, they put across the idea that they rightfully own this planet. Certain ones visit us repeatedly because these creatures rarely venture more than a mile's radius from



where they were born.

Where our property has sun and soft earth the females bury their eggs and stroll away never to return. They don't let us witness this procedure, but when we find the white leathery remains of turtle eggs we know our raccoons have located a snack. Another thing we never see is baby turtles in their first year or so; clever hiders they've got to be or perish. A real boxful of mysteries is this *Terrapene carolina*. For instance, folks around here have never seen one drink anything. It may be their body chemistry can manufacture water from foodstuff. They do love juicy meals—fruits, worms, bugs and

crisp greens. They love dampness.

One summer after a shower, boxes of every size up to a full-grown six inches came out to stroll our yard like pieces on a checkerboard. Into this pretty scene burst the sudden horrific pandemonium of a pack of yelping hounds leading a local hunt. I stood paralyzed at the window, fearful to witness what had to happen, for dogs and foxes (and forest fires) are turtles' worst enemies. However, the turtles continued to cross the grass, swaying and sashaying, undisturbed.

Turtles! Why don't you do something? Are you insane? Then I realized: They can't hear anything! I'd known a naturalist who exper-



imented with every noise he could think of to get turtles to hear, even firing a .22 beside them, but they don't react to sound.

Suddenly they *saw*, however, as the pack was upon them. They saw those hounds in the full blazing color their vision affords, and in a flash they slammed their doors, as the pack tumbled about momentarily, then moved ahead, their din at last dying in the far distance. There was such silence. All those yellow-brown-orange boxes were scattered motionless atop the green. Then one or two peeked out, and soon they all resumed their serene ballet.

Usually in January we have a

peculiar brief springy spell. On such a day I was sunning on a boulder by the marsh when some matted leaves seemed to move sideways in a pile of debris, and what issued forth but the front half of a box turtle. As groundhogs do, he was nosing out of his winter burrow to check on the unnatural warmth of the sun. He seemed stuporous and filmy-eyed from hibernation, and soon backed out of sight again into his winter quarters. I thought he'd made a pretty snappy decision that spring was nowhere near. Indeed. Next day a northeaster locked the pond in ice.

Once a huge old male, the granddaddy-of-'em-all type with a

chewed-up shell, was brought in the house by the children. We immediately dubbed him Gramps. Days later it came to light that no one was sure Gramps had been put back outside, so we searched the first floor, knowing *nothing* can hide so cleverly as a turtle in an old house—they'll show you nooks you didn't know about yourself. Finally we gave up and forgot about him. We knew he'd be comfortable many days without food.

Soon there came for her annual visit Aunt Bean, who's 80 summers young and sometimes thinks Woodrow Wilson is still president. At breakfast Aunt Bean always tells us her dreams, so we were paying little attention when one contained

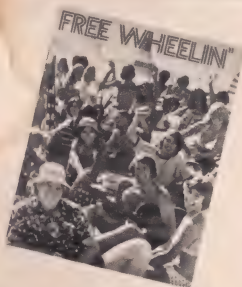
a hat walking across the closet floor in her room.

Later she spoke to me worriedly. "Dear, I *don't* think I was dreaming about the hat. That straw you wear on the beach? I *know* I saw it turn around and then slide about this far—"

"Aunt Bean!" I went flying to the spare room closet, and there was Gramps. Whether he tunneled under my hat or it fell on him from the shelf, we'll never know.

We laughed so, enjoying the whole zany thing. And Gramps smiled with his turtle's toothless mouth, enjoying it all, too. That's the endearing thing about turtles. They do show this simpatico attitude toward people. □

FREE WHEELIN' FORDS



Free Wheelin' is Ford's new book about vehicles that are more than transportation, vehicles that get you where you want to go—the way you want to get there.

Whatever your pleasure—car, van, wagon or pickup—you'll find it in *Free Wheelin'*. There are 24 pages of color photos and facts about everything from options to off-roaders.

The book is bright, sassy and available now at your local Ford dealer. Stop by and pick up a copy now. It's free. As in *Free Wheelin'*.



Mule Days

Each May a small California town
honors this noble beast of burden

by Louise Burton

paintings by Glen S. Hopkinson

MULES, as everyone knows, are stubborn. They are also wily, ornery, unpredictable creatures, who have turned many a reasonable man into a champion cusser. Or

so legend has it.

Over the years, mules have been the subject of many jokes and jibes. One 19th-century politician, trying to deliver the ultimate insult to his

opponent, thundered: "The Democratic Party is like a mule, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity!" As political rhetoric, that may have been a devastating slam; it didn't, however, sum up the subject of mules. There's a lot to be said for this man-made animal which has no offspring, but has been bred since biblical times.

To many city dwellers, the mule is simply humorous—a mean, funny relic of the bygone, pre-mechanized era of farming and transportation. But in California, on the eastern side of the Sierra, plenty of people take these animals seriously. And to hear them tell it, the usual opinion of mules is all wrong; mules are not stubborn, simply determined. In addition, they're gentle, dependable, intelligent, fast, hardworking, even lovable.

These opinions come from men and women who make their living working with mules in the wilderness. They own and operate pack outfits that take vacationers and their gear on trips into the backcountry. Mules are the mainstay of their business.

The pack stations and ranches that lie near the eastern boundaries of Yosemite, King's Canyon and Sequoia National Parks own nearly 1,000 mules, which is a considerable population. It's a distinction that isn't worn lightly, particularly in Bishop, central community of the 150-mile-long region.

By the town's own estimate,

Bishop is Mule Capital of the World—a fact which is duly recognized each Memorial Day weekend with a celebration called Mule Days. The event was first held in 1970, and since then it has attracted spectators and participants from California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Colorado and Arizona. Patterned after a rodeo, Mule Days promotes wilderness travel and gives packers and mule skinners a chance to show off their skills.

One-of-a-kind celebration

Mule Days 1976, scheduled for May 29-31, will include a parade, a mule-shoeing contest, several mule shows, a livestock auction, an old-fashioned barbecue, and a pancake breakfast. There's a folksy, down-home, frontier style about the whole weekend, and it's fun. It's not every day you get to sit in a county fairgrounds under the snowy peaks of California's two highest mountain ranges (the White Mountains and the Sierra), sip beer, and watch a mule run a barrel race or young packers rush to throw the fastest diamond hitch.

There's no celebration quite like it anywhere in the country, perhaps because there aren't that many mules anymore. Once there were mules on almost every farm in the United States, and if a man had a mule, he could subsist. Today, most of the mules are in the mountainous areas of the West, used by pack

stations from the Grand Canyon to the Cascades. It is on wilderness trails that these tough, sure-footed animals are now performing their greatest service.

The mule is the result of breeding a male donkey and a female horse (the offspring of a reverse cross,

Generally, a mule resembles a horse in height and body shape; a donkey in the shape of its head, legs and ears. It also brays like a donkey. As for other characteristics, the mule, according to one authority, "possesses the sobriety, patience and sure-footedness of the ass; and



between a female donkey and a stallion, is called a hinny), and like many hybrids of two different species, is sterile—though occasionally a female mule mated with a horse or donkey will conceive. Men have bred mules for at least 3,000 years, and in David and Solomon's time, the mule was Israel's royal beast.

the strength, vigor and courage of the horse." Who could do without such an animal?

To hear some Mule Days partisans talk, the theme for the weekend is "anything a horse can do, a mule can do better." Or at least as well. Take running. The mule's popular image is of a slow, plodding animal. But in Bishop

mules run 200- and 400-yard races. It's mule against mule, but if these animals were pitted against horses of equal size—well, we all know which critter would win.

"Mule people are fanatics," says Lee Green of Yucaipa, California, several times winner of Bishop's mule-shoeing contest. "If you work with mules, you love 'em or you hate 'em. Those of us who love 'em think they're twice as valuable as comparable horses." (At the last Mule Day auction, the top mule was sold for \$1,750.)

Smarter than a horse?

"A mule is much more intelligent than a horse," adds Green. "It doesn't waste energy, goes farther in a day, carries a heavier load, and if you can break a mule for riding, you're in for a treat. Mules are so smooth, that once you've ridden one, you wouldn't want to saddle anything else."

In addition, a mule is usually healthier than a horse, can endure more extreme weather, can get by on less food and water, and lives nearly twice as long—all of which made the mule extremely valuable on the western frontier a century ago. Mules were a key part of the freight and transportation system, hauling everything from steam engines to parlor organs.

The standard formula was that "you can pack anything on a mule that you can haul on a hay wagon," though it might take several mules

to do the job. Loads of 350 pounds were common. Today's mules are treated more kindly and rarely carry more than 150 pounds.

Kindness and sensitivity are wise policies with mules, considering that they have the fastest hind feet in the West. Mules tend not to ignore any insult, real or imagined, and one good way to get kicked is to walk by a mule you know without speaking.

Around Bishop the popular logic is that mules are stubborn because they are so reasonable. "A mule won't do anything that isn't good for it," explains Green. "The animal is a willing worker but if it gets tired or sees a situation on the trail where it might get hurt, it simply quits. A mule never panics in a dangerous situation. It just stops until something is done about it. A mule also stops if it thinks you're trying to put something over on it—like an extra heavy pack."

Sometimes packers or mule drivers brag about having the meanest team around. "Mean" or "brone" mules, according to some experts, tend to work harder, given the right master. Borax Bill, who drove the famous 20-mule-team wagons hauling borax from Death Valley in the 1890s, controlled his team with a 20-foot whip, a bucket of rocks (recalcitrant mules received well-aimed missiles), and an awesome assortment of oaths.

High Sierra packers handle their mules in less dramatic style, leading

them along in a five-mule string, cajoling them in a quiet voice when necessary, rarely using force.

One of the events at Mule Days, "the packer-mule scramble," gives people an idea of what a morning on the trail might be like. It starts with the packers in their sleeping bags and the mules and horses loose in the arena. At the sound of a whistle, packers jump up, catch their mules, pack them, saddle their horses, and ride out of the corral—which might be a fairly simple task if it weren't for the independent, unpredictable mules.

The animal's character was captured in an obituary for a beloved mule employed by the Payette National Forest in Idaho:

"Entering the Service at the age of three, Kayo rapidly became

noted for his patience. After breaking away from the string and running ahead, he would often wait patiently for hours with the pack hanging upside down from his stomach, until the packer would approach close enough to get kicked in the face.

"Kayo was instrumental in teaching numerous Forest Service personnel the art of packing and unpacking. During his latter years, he became quite gentle and very adept at leading the other stock into the wettest and most remote corner of the pasture."

Mules are intriguing creatures. If you want to see why, come to Bishop (260 miles north of Los Angeles on U. S. 395) this Memorial Day weekend. The mules will be patiently waiting there. □



New Tents from Bill Moss

Here are three ingenious shelters with some remarkable characteristics of weight and size

WHENEVER BILL MOSS designs a product for the out-of-doors, campers and hikers pay close attention. Probably more than any other designer, Moss is responsible for changing the look of American trails and campgrounds. He designed the famous Pop Tent, which ended forever the World War I look of camping in this country. He also designed any number of other structures which added color, new shapes and new utility to outdoor shelters.

On these pages we see three new tents designed and manufactured by Moss for backpackers. The full-page picture on page 56, with a Mustang II in the background, shows the Eave Force X tent. The "eave" refers to the design, which features a projection at the front and rear to minimize the effect of rain or snow. Force X refers to wind velocity; this tent will withstand winds up to 63 miles per hour.

Useful as a campground tent, Eave Force X is also suitable for camping above timberline in winter. Its adjustable front and back windows have screening. The floor is made of waterproof coated ripstop nylon and the walls are of breathable taffeta





Opposite page: Eave Force X (three-person); above: Wing Tent (two-person with gear, three without); below: Trillium (six-person, weight 12½ lbs.)



nylon that provides excellent ventilation. It is staked at four corners with aluminum rods.

Eave Force X can accommodate three persons; the floor size is 7'8" by 6'6". Total weight, including poles and fly, is 4 lbs. 12 oz. The cost is approximately \$190. There is also an Eave Force XV which can hold two persons and withstand hurricane winds. It costs about \$160.

Pitched beside the Granada, at the top of page 57, is the Wing Tent, which holds two with gear or three without. Its floor is 7'8" by 5'11". The materials are the same as in the Eave tents. A fly covers the whole tent, making it a cold- or warm-weather shelter. With its four aluminum poles it fits into a bag 17 inches long and 7 inches in diameter. The total weight of poles, tent and fly is 3 lbs., 12 oz. The price is about \$160. The fly, with poles, may be purchased separately for about \$35. The Wing Tent has one optional accessory—a handlebar pack so that the tent can be carried on a bike. This item costs about \$12.

Finally, there is the Trillium (seen with the Pinto station wagon), which gets its name from the flower because of its three-part appearance when looked at from above. The Trillium has three carrels, or corridors, each seven feet from door to center and each with its own entrance. It is thus large enough for six people, although as many as a dozen children have slept in it.

Unlike the other two tents, this one is free-standing. It is shaped by an aluminum overhead frame and fiberglass wands. When rolled up, it is a cylinder 20 inches long and nine inches in diameter. The total weight is 12 lbs. 6 oz., which makes it probably the lightest per-person tent in the world. It was used by Outward Bound for its New England winter program this year. The tent can withstand high winds and is so designed that there is a space at the center where a cook stove can be installed. The Trillium costs about \$300.

All three of these new Moss tents can be erected quickly. Once a person has learned how, he can put the Trillium up in five or six minutes. The Wing Tent requires only three minutes, and either Eave tent only two. In each tent, the poles are color-coded so that there can be no mistakes.

To place an order or get additional information, write to: Tent Works Ltd., Camden, Maine 04843. ☐

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

Kentucky Arts and Crafts Fair—Berea College is the site of the 10th annual Kentucky Guild of Artists and Craftsmen's Fair, May 27-30. Working craft demonstrations, special exhibits, Appalachian music as well as puppetry performances will provide the backdrop as more than 100 artists and craftsmen exhibit their wares. On display will be quilts, baskets, rugs, toys, chairs, coverlets, paintings and sculpture. Admission (\$2 for adults, 50 cents for children) covers a full day and all special programs. Berea is located 40 miles south of Lexington on I-75.

On Two Feet or Two Bits—San Francisco's Convention and Visitors Bureau has put together a do-it-yourself directory for exploring the City by the Bay. A compact, pocket-size brochure, it emphasizes how to explore the city on foot and public transportation for a quarter or two. The Walk-Ride Guide groups points of interest by area with directions on how to get there via street car, cable car and bus. The guide may be obtained by visiting or writing the bureau at 1390 Market Street, San Francisco 94102.

The Old New Milford—Visitors in the vicinity of New Milford, Connecticut, on June 26 are invited to stop and visit some of this quaint New England community's oldest and finest homes. As part of the town's Bicentennial celebration, the Garden Club is hosting a house, flower and garden show between 1 and 5 p.m.

Fish Finder—"Enjoy Florida Sport Fishing," a full-color brochure published by the Florida Department of Natural Resources, is now available free from the Florida Bureau of Education and Information, 322 Crown Building, Tallahassee 32304. The brochure features 48 of Florida's most popular salt water fish, gives information on their seasonal location, tips on catching them and even lists the best types of rigs and baits to use.

A Real Scream—An awesome new ride—the Screamroller—is making its debut this spring at Worlds of Fun, a giant amusement park in Kansas City, Missouri. The coaster takes passengers seven stories high, then speeds them at 56 feet per second through two complete upside down loops. This ride is the featured attraction in an all new area of the park called Bicentennial Square which officials feel will become headquarters for the Midwest's largest 200th birthday celebration. □



FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS
by Nancy Kennedy



painting by Robert Boston

EL RANCHO VILLA BETTENDORF, IOWA

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin French are the owners of this friendly restaurant at 2211 Kimberly Road in northwest Bettendorf, a quarter mile south of I-74. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day except Sunday. Reservations necessary.

VILLA LUNCHEON SALAD

- 6 medium-sized chicken breasts
- 1 small onion
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 cup finely chopped celery
- 1 cup drained pineapple tidbits
- Salad dressing, to bind
- ½ cup toasted almonds
- Shredded lettuce

Poach chicken breasts in enough water to cover, add onion, sliced,

and the bay leaf. Cool and refrigerate in poaching liquid overnight. Cut chicken in cubes and combine with remaining ingredients, except nuts and lettuce. Mix thoroughly and place on bed of shredded lettuce. Top salad with a sprinkling of toasted almonds. Serves 12.

VILLA SUPREME SANDWICH

- 8 generous slices of turkey
- 4 slices of toast
- 2 cups chicken base cream sauce
- 8 slices sharp cheddar cheese
- 8 slices crisp bacon

Place turkey slices on hot buttered toast, top with cream sauce and cheese slices. Place under hot broiler just long enough to melt cheese. Top each open-faced sandwich with 2 slices crisp bacon. Serves 4.

THE GREERS ATHENS, GEORGIA

There are three separate dining areas in this restored pre-Civil War mansion at 325 North Milledge Avenue. Lunch and dinner served Tuesday through Saturday.

QUAIL WITH ARTICHOKE

- 6 small dressed quail
- ½ pound button mushrooms
- Salt and pepper
- 6 tablespoons butter
- ¼ teaspoon each: rosemary and basil
- 1 cup dry sherry
- ½ cup chicken broth
- 25 small cooked artichoke hearts
- 2 teaspoons cornstarch

Lightly salt and pepper quail inside and out. Cook quail in a skillet in 4 tablespoons melted butter over moderate heat for 8 to 10 minutes. Brown well on all sides. Transfer

quail to a casserole and keep warm. Add remaining butter to the skillet. Heat, and lightly brown mushrooms before transferring to casserole. Add herbs, sherry and broth to skillet drippings. Heat through, stirring to blend in the glaze at the bottom of the pan. Pour mixture over quail. Cover the casserole and simmer for 15 minutes. Add artichokes and continue cooking until the birds are tender. Remove birds to a serving platter. Keep warm. Drain mushrooms and artichokes (reserve cooking liquid) and arrange around quail. Reheat liquid in casserole and thicken slightly with cornstarch dissolved in a little cool water. Pour sauce over quail. Serve.

painting by Betty Lowe



painting by Jim Stelma ▲

▼ painting by Robert Curran Smith



**MOSELEM SPRINGS INN
FLEETWOOD
PENNSYLVANIA**

Located in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country on U.S. 222 between Reading and Allentown, this charming country inn has been serving travelers for over 120 years. Many dishes are prepared from meats cured in the inn's smoke house. Lunch and dinner served Monday through Sunday. Closed Friday and Saturday. Reservations necessary.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH POTATOES

Boil 6-8 peeled potatoes in salt water until tender. Sauté 1 chopped onion in butter until soft. Drain potatoes and mash using $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk. Add sautéed onion, 2 slices cubed white

**PELICAN RESTAURANT
CLEARWATER BEACH
FLORIDA**

A whimsical piece of driftwood shaped like a pelican is the center of attention in this popular eating place on the Gulf of Mexico owned and managed by Henry Henriquez. The restaurant is open daily except Monday and serves continuously from 11:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. It is located at 470 Mandalay Avenue, Clearwater Beach, Florida.

BREAD CUSTARD PUDDING

2½ cups milk
4 eggs
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup bread crumbs

bread, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg and 2 tablespoons parsley. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add another cup milk and whip mixture thoroughly. Place in buttered casserole and bake at 350° for 1 hour. Serves 8-10.

HOT BACON DRESSING

Cut 8 strips of bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. Combine 1½ cups sugar, 3 teaspoons cornstarch, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. To dry ingredients add 1¼ cups water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar. Pour mixture over undrained fried bacon and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Use on endive, lettuce, dandelion greens, cucumbers, cabbage or hot slaw.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg

Heat milk. Beat eggs, add sugar, salt and vanilla. Slowly add milk to egg mixture, beating all of the time. Cover bottom of 9 x 5 x 3-inch pan with bread crumbs, pour custard over crumbs, sprinkle with nutmeg. Place pudding pan in a larger pan of water and bake at 350° for 35 to 40 minutes until set.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

Mix thoroughly: 2 cups mayonnaise; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ketchup; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped, cooked beets; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dill relish; $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, chopped fine; and $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, chopped fine. After mixing, place in jar and refrigerate. Makes about 1 quart of dressing.

Van Conversion of the Month

THIS MONTH'S WINNER in the photo contest for van conversions is Joe L. Graves of Maryville, Tennessee. If you have a converted Econoline Van that you feel is worth showing off, send us a 35mm color transparency of your vehicle. Ford Times will pay \$50 if it is selected for this feature. Photographs may show exteriors or interiors and will be judged on their suitability for Ford Times as well as the imagination, originality and ingenuity of the conversion. Please do not include people in the pictures. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed van wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. The contest ends December 31, 1976. Entries will not be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by postage.

Send entries to:

Ford Van Conversions
Ford Motor Company
Room 956
The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Many of the items shown on winning vans are available through retail organizations and establishments not connected with Ford Motor Company. The availability, price, quality and durability of these items rest solely with their manufacturer and sales organization.





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